I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity,
Whilſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plaineſſe I do wear mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire, and by my ſouſe faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword:
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhalbe as ſafe,
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Ladie *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*,
You ſhalbe miſtres, and command him wholy.

Troy. Grecian thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition to thee:
In praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high ſoaring ore thy praiſes:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her ſeruant,
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and meſſage:
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee ſhalbe priz'd: but that you ſay be't ſo,
I ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris,

Paris. Harke *Hectors* trumpet?
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him to the feld,
Par. Tis *Troylus* falte, come, come, to field with him. *Exeu*

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam. Menelaus, Viſſes, Neſter, Calcas. &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax* that the appauled aire,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him
hither.
Aiax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purſe,
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke,
Out-ſweil the collick of puft *Aquilon*,
Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſſ No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. Tis but early daies.
Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter.
Vliſſ. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Diom. Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes ſweete Lad
Neſt. Our generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſſ. Yet is the kindneſſe but perticular, twere better ſh
were kiſt in general. (*Neſt*
Neſt. And very courtly counſell. Ile beginne: ſo much
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady,
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But thats no argument for kiſſing now,
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.